

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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"I WONDER..."

Patsy McCormack was contemplating something, red head a-tilt, gray eyes bright and happy. "I have never done it alone, but Ann, let's see if we can find a bee-tree today."

"Bee-tree?"

"Yes. Wild bees. I've watched Dad run a bee-line several times and I just know I can do it alone. Mumsy, may I try?"

"If you are back before dark" began that smiling lady, but any further remark was drowned in the whoops of joy from her daughter.

Ann was not excited. She did not know what a "bee-line" was nor what would be the manner of "running" it. But to the lively Patsy, life in general, and life in the Taquamanon country of the Michigan northwoods in particular, was a grand experience, to be met joyously and lived intensely every moment.

"I won't let you get hurt or lost or anything, Ann," Patsy promised largely. "I'll look out for you."

Mrs. McCormack looked gravely at the bright face of her daughter. "Better look out for Patsy, too," she cautioned. "There are several things in the world which you haven't learned yet, you know."

Patsy looked a little crestfallen. She loved to show the wonders of her beloved country to her city cousin.

"We'll be careful, Mumsy," she promised.

It was late summer. The water of the little lake shimmered in the bright sun and reflected in waving shadow the dark foliage of the hardwoods.

From the cuttings where the men were working came the "k-tuck, k-tuck!" of their axes. "Timber-r-r-r!" came the warning cry, followed by the crash of a giant of the forest whose fall was echoed and re-echoed around the shore of the lake.

As the girls left the settlement and followed an old log road through the one-time thickly wooded land, the air was humming with insect life. A year or so before, a fire had run through it. Now, among the blackened logs and stumps the

HONEY

By Marjorie Huntoon Morrill

magenta-colored "fire weed," wild phlox, was a blaze of bloom, as though it would, with its gorgeous mantle, hide the ugly results of man's carelessness. Grasshopper and locust rasped and cheeped. Tiny blue butterflies, larger brown ones, and the gold and black of the common Monarch shuttled in mystic pattern.

The resulting smoke which rose on the air was pleasant and pungent.

"Anise oil and rhodium," explained Patsy, holding up the bottles. "This smoke is bait for the bees. They'll find it in a minute."

The bait was placed close to the open box in which was honeycomb filled with a thick sirup. When only a blackened spot was left on the board Patsy kicked a hole in the soft earth at the foot of the stump and buried it from sight and smell.

One of the bees had caught the scent and was investigating the box and contents. Then another found it. They gathered as much of the sweet as they could carry, circled in the air a few times, and darted away.

"They'll take the shortest way home," Patsy said. "No loitering by the wayside for them! They have some instinct or knowledge which sends them in a perfectly straight line to their hive. They'll come back for another load and bring some more of the family to help them. We just have to wait."

So they waited, shoulder high in the bloom, until a half dozen of the insects were hovering about the box. Patsy watched them closely.

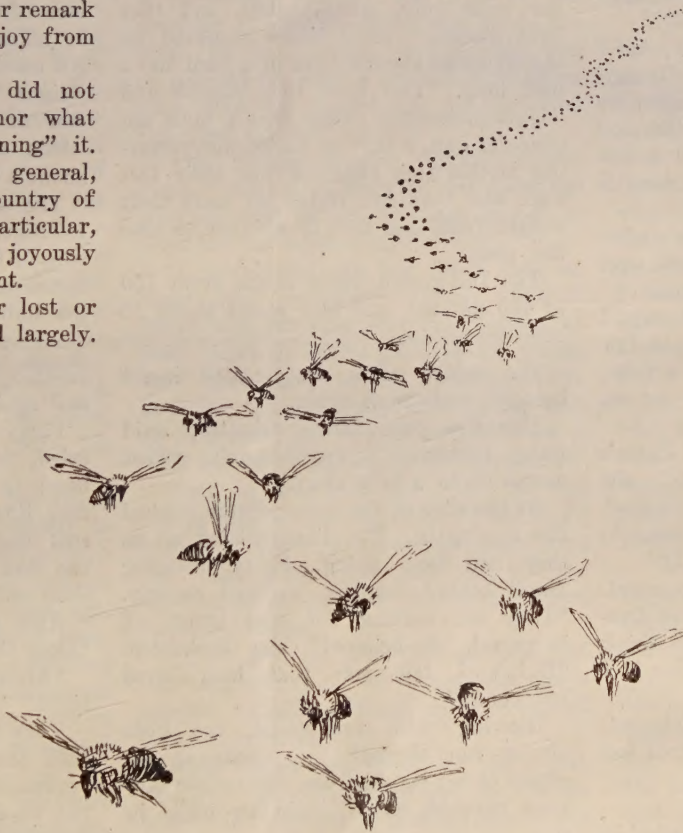
"They seem to be heading for that big black stump," she said at last, as she quickly shut the box and enclosed in it several of the buzzing creatures.

"We'll just give you a little ride, my friends," she told the bees, "and carry you part of the way home."

"Will the honey be in that stump?" Ann asked.

"Don't think so. But they are going in that direction and we'll take the stump for our landmark. When we get there we'll make another 'set'."

"Glory, but this is fun!" laughed Ann as she followed up to the top of the sandy hill where they could see over a narrow strip of swamp into the green woods be-



Big, lazy bumble-bees droned from bloom to bloom. On a nodding mullen honey-bees were exploring the flower cups.

Patsy had with her a small wooden box fitted with a sliding glass cover. This she placed on a stump. From her pocket she took a bit of board, a package and two bottles. The package contained a piece of empty honeycomb which she laid on the board. She then poured over it a little liquid from each of the two bottles, and touched a match to the comb.

yond. There Patsy placed the box on a stump and opened the cover. The bees launched themselves heavily into air, found their direction, and flew directly towards the woods.

"Thank goodness, they are not going towards any farms!" Patsy exclaimed. "Once Dad and I followed a line all day only to have it end up at a hive of tame bees. Here come some more. I'll bet I can find that tree just as quickly as any woodsman in the county!"

Her success thus far was going to Patsy's head a little. The bees, coming and going from the box, now made a thin line high in the air. Patsy welcomed her cousin's questions about where the honey came from so far from orchards and gardens. The woods-wise girl gladly, and I fear somewhat condescendingly, launched into a lecture on the subject.

"The nicest, whitest honey comes from white clover, the next best from basswood, but honey's made from all sorts of plants and trees which give up their sweetness. Bees like to make their hives in basswood trees best of all, but they will use any tree or stump or log with a big enough hollow in it.

"Can you see the 'bee-line' now, Ann? We'll sight along that line. See! It runs to that high-ground cedar, and when we get to it we'll let out some more bees and sight again. But first we'll mark a few of our busy friends and see how long it takes them to get back to us."

From her pocket she took a little packet of flour, a little of which she dusted over the bodies of several of the insects.

Ann was really impressed. "Patsy, I can play the piano pretty well, get fair grades at school, and swim half a mile; but what I know about a bee-line you can put in your eye!"

There was pride in the lift of Patsy's head. "I can play the banjo," she answered, "and get good grades at school, and swim as far as you can. I seem to know about bee-lines, too, don't I?"

Ann did not answer for a moment. This cousin of hers was being a little tiresome today. "I might be able to think up something to equal your bee-line if I tried!" she said at last.

Patsy turned to her in astonishment. "Why, Ann, you're touchy!" she told her severely.

"Well, you're pretty boastful!"

For the first time in their comradeship the two girls were saying and thinking unhappy things to and about each other. Ann had forgotten for the moment the merry, whimsical, interesting cousin who had done so much to make her stay in the northwoods pleasant and profitable. Patsy was planning a brilliant campaign of the "I'll show her" brand. The willows in the swamp shimmered silvery-green in the sunlight, a redstart was singing, swaying on a mullein, but in the heartland of the two the sun was behind a cloud and no birds sang.

OSTRICH FARMING

By Antonia J. Stemple

THERE are all sorts of farms in the United States, and new kinds are springing up every day. None are more interesting than those devoted to raising animals or birds. Ostrich farms are not exactly new, there being several in California and a few in Florida, but they are novel and a great attraction. People will travel for miles to see ostrich farms, and in the winter season tourists flock to them in great numbers.

An admission fee is charged to the farms, and feathers, eggs and feather products are sold, while there is always a demand for the live birds for parks, zoos, and the like; the farms are a profitable investment. The ostriches can be taught to be driven in harness, and such "trick" birds add to the attractions of a farm.

Ostriches can scarcely be called handsome. They seem all neck and legs. Their bodies appear to be too large and heavy for their long, spindly legs, and they have absurdly small heads mounted on skinny necks about a yard or a yard and a half long. This neck they stretch and wiggle incessantly. They have a most ungraceful gait, a sort of lumbering, teetering motion that suggests that their feet hurt and they are trying to shift their weight from one foot to another to ease the pain.

The full-grown birds weigh from 150 to 400 pounds, and they stand about 12

The return of a dusty-coated insect brought excitement again.

"He was gone fifteen minutes," said Patsy, consulting her wrist watch. "That means about a mile away."

At the edge of the forest, Patsy opened the box again. The line still led on as they had been going. Patsy, dodging about behind the box, watched eagerly. "They are making for that bunch of basswood, I believe!" she exclaimed. "Didn't I tell you that bees loved basswood?"

Glowing with excitement, the girls almost ran through the woods to the group of big-leaved trees. But when they were reached, not a single bee could be seen.

Patsy made another "set" but the insects seemed to be going in all directions. Remembering the conversation on the hill it would never do for her to fail now. She thought carefully of each step she had watched her father take when he had been bee-hunting. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Maybe we have gone too far," she said. "We'll go off to one side and try again. 'Make a cross-line,' the men call it."

A short distance to the right of the line they had been following she made

feet high. The male's plumage is black and white and he is far handsomer than his dirty-looking, drab-feathered mate. They both carry the ostrich plumes which are so valuable, but it is hard to see any beauty in them in their natural uncured state. Twenty-four of the plumes, white, and 30 inches long, grow under the wings of each bird, the male bird having an extra tuft in his tail.

The uninitiated observer wonders where the fine feathers can be, and it is not until the birds flap their wings that he sees the plumes. The curl we admire in a fine ostrich feather is put there after plucking. An ostrich feather in its natural state, bedraggled and straight, does not look much like the feathers which are worn on hats.

The plumes are plucked from the birds for the first time at the age of nine months, and then are plucked regularly every nine months thereafter. The operation is painless for the birds.

On ostrich farms, the eggs are hatched in incubators, and young ostrich chicks are fuzzy little drab things, giving scant idea of what they are like when mature. It takes 42 days for the eggs to hatch. An ostrich egg is an egg indeed; it often weighs four pounds, and attains a diameter of 18 inches. The egg is a pale lemon color when laid and the shell is about a sixteenth of an inch thick.

The ostrich is not blessed with excess intelligence and has a reputation for stupidity. Its habit of burying its head in the sand when in danger seems to prove the indictment.

another "set". This time the bees circled and again took a line.

Patsy was happy again. "See," she cried, "right between the ash and that beech to the crooked sapling! Now, our first line ran from that hemlock to the soft maple past the basswoods. If we can find the exact place where those two lines cross, there is our tree!"

Ann gasped. "Always?" she asked. "Does that rule always work?"

"Always. Only the lines must be right."

They took their places on the two lines, each one keeping carefully to her own landmark, and moved towards it through the woods. In the basswoods they met. Before them was a tall, old tree part of which was dead and leafless, the lowest branches high from the ground.

Patsy struck the trunk sharply with the back of her axe and laid her ear against it to listen to the buzzing, as she had seen her father do. She heard nothing.

She turned her attention to the dead limb. Around a knothole several tiny things were flying.

"There it is!" she laughed in relief. "I'm going up."

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CHAPTER V

At the back of that dark opening which Norris made by pulling or cutting the vines away, was a door. It stood wide open, and June's heart gave a queer little jump as she stepped in. Her brother's voice as he called to her had sounded strangely excited. What had he found in this hidden house under the grapevines?

Norris had brought his big electric lantern and he flooded the place with light as June came in. She gave a little cry of wonder, for this room was certainly no part of a carriage or tool house. It was a small sitting room with papered walls and painted floor. Clearly somebody had lived here once; the hidden building had been a dwelling house.

Norris burst into excited explanation. "I've had this notion in my head for weeks but couldn't seem to get time to find out if the suspicion was right. I thought once or twice of asking Aunt Sophie whether this had been a carriage house, but you know what a whirl we've been in from morning till night; some other subject always came up. Well, yesterday I overheard her telling Patience about Uncle Abner's brother who built a house for himself in the orchard long ago and lived in it till he went off to California. When the little house was left empty, Aunt Sophie rented it for a while, but it was such a little bit of a place that nobody wanted it, and after the first tenants went away it wasn't used."

June had been staring at him, wondering what all this was leading up to. A sudden wild thought came to her head, but Norris was hurrying on with his story.

"At first," he said, "I didn't pay much attention to what Aunt was saying to Patience, for I supposed she was talking about some sort of camp or cottage that must have fallen to pieces long ago. But today, right in the arithmetic class, it came to me that she meant the building under the grapevines! So I rushed home and came right out here to dig my way in and see for myself. Well, this is what I found!"

"Oh," said June doubtfully, "if that's all, I don't think it is very exciting — unless there is something else you haven't told me."

The boy's eyes were glittering as he held up the lantern. "I should say there was something else! Why don't you ask who it was who lived in the little house after Uncle Abner's brother went away? Aunt Sophie told Patience that it was a widow with a little girl, and that their name was Brown. Then I remembered hearing Mrs. Wilmerdene say that her name was Brown before she was married."

The Tin Trunk in the Wall

By Mabel S. Merrill

"Nonsense!" laughed June; "as if Mrs. Wilmerdene, the owner of that great, beautiful mansion on Rainbow Hill, could ever have lived in a place like this!"

"Well, why couldn't she? She wasn't born a millionaire. Didn't she tell us that she used to live on the old Leston place? We took it for granted that she meant Aunt Sophie's house till we found out that nobody but Lestons had ever lived in the homestead. We didn't suspect that there was another house on the place, a hidden one. Anyhow, look here!"

He had been standing beside the chimney with his back to the wall of the little room. Now he suddenly moved away and turned his lantern on the spot that had been behind him. The ragged wall paper was peeling off in sheets, and in the bare plastered wall appeared a little door, Norris slid it back, revealing a cubby-hole exactly like that in the drawing Mrs. Wilmerdene had made for them. In the opening stood a small box of painted tin, with a lid that came down over, like the lid of an old-fashioned traveling trunk.

"Oh, Norris, you're right!" gasped June. "There it is, after all our puzzling! And she told us not to touch it, but to send for her right away."

"I telephoned for her 'most half an hour ago," confessed Norris; "and it won't take her long with that big ear of hers. Let's go out to the road and watch. And what about telling Theda? We've kept the secret of the trunk in the wall all this time, but now we might share it with our best neighbor, don't you think?"

June agreed, and they went to find Theda and tell her all about it. Later, all three sat down on a roadside bank near the place where they had left the car on that dismal day they had first climbed Leston's Ridge.

"How pleased Mrs. Wilmerdene will be!" sighed June. "Of course the box is terribly valuable — that's why she wanted it back so much."

"She wasn't rich when she was a girl, though," suggested Norris, "so it's no good for us to get it into our heads that the tin trunk is full of diamonds or anything like that."

"Anyhow, what does she want of treasure if she is a millionaire?" argued Theda. "Maybe she'll give it to you. I'd like to see you two fall heir to a trunkful of diamonds."

"It's likely that she'll give it to us when she was ready to buy the whole place to get it back," laughed Norris, "and here she comes!"

They stood up, feeling strangely breathless as the big, shining car came

rolling noiselessly up the road. Mrs. Wilmerdene stopped when she saw them and looked about with happy, dreaming eyes. "Oh, the dear old place! I call them my

golden years, the three years that I lived here. Oh, my gracious, you've let those grapevines grow till they've covered the house all up!"

They escorted her to the little hidden house and in at that dark doorway. When Norris lifted the lantern to show her the tin trunk standing in the opening in the wall, she clasped her hands and gazed with shining eyes.

"Just think," she breathed, "probably no hand has touched it since I put it here, thirty years ago!"

She took the little red trunk out carefully and undid the rusty fastening. Three pairs of eyes widened as she raised the lid. But the treasure box was piled full of odds and ends that at first glance looked worthless enough to the young people. There were old, faded picture cards, a package of dusty, pink tickets and some bits of patchwork.

"The first I ever sewed," explained Mrs. Wilmerdene with a smile, "and the picture cards and tickets were given me by my teachers at the little brick school-house where you lucky youngsters go now. But look, dears, this is the real treasure! For years I couldn't remember where I had put it before I went away. Your coming to live here made me remember the tin trunk in the wall and then I felt sure that this was where I had laid away my precious packet. I didn't know then how precious it would come to be."

The packet had been laid away in the very bottom of the trunk under all the other things. Mrs. Wilmerdene unwrapped it and took out first a little round miniature of a woman whose lovely face was much like her own.

"It's my little mother's picture," she explained, "the only one she ever had taken. She died several years before my marriage. We had already left this dear wee house and I was at work in a store. Well, after a while I met Mr. Wilmerdene and it was the old story of the beggar maid who married the king. But the beggar maid had been a very happy little girl right here."

She paused a moment and then went on with a half laugh. "My husband's people have always been very rich, you know, and oh, they have such a lot of ancestors! There is a gallery full of their portraits at our home. I used to walk through it, with them all looking down at me, and cry for loneliness because my own mother's face was not there. I knew in my heart it would be the loveliest of all, just as you would know that your mother's face would be the loveliest to

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THE BEACON

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Church-School News

FROM all sides we hear that our schools are flourishing, and letters from separate schools tell of increased numbers and plans for a very gay year. New teachers and pupils are taking up the work with a fine spirit, and members of last year are continuing to carry on with their usual zeal.

Mr. Roy, secretary of All Souls' Church of Winnipeg, writes so entertainingly of the affairs of his school that we are publishing his letter:

ALL SOULS' CHURCH,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Dear Editor:—We have started this fall session with an enrollment of thirty-four pupils and an attendance of twenty-eight. The seniors of the Young People's Union mustered fourteen last Sunday, and the juniors, fourteen. The seniors still meet with this fine attendance even with no minister or leader to guide them. They have decided to study a profound book on advanced psychology, "Things and Ideas." They found so many technical terms that I have purchased an Oxford Dictionary to help them in their readings and studies. On October 9, they held a social to hear their delegates' reports on Star Island.

The juniors are studying "Peter and Paul and Their Friends," with a large wall map to comprehend the distance these early disciples journeyed to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus. The Kindergarten is studying "Living Together."

Miss Addison, our superintendent, has taken us juniors out twice this fall. First we visited the city park on the 12th of September and viewed the lovely plants in the Palm House and the beautiful landscape gardening that has given so much pleasure to visitors; then we went to Butte Farm, Charleswood, about six miles from the city, where we built a large fire, boiled bantam corn, and cooked weiners. Games followed till twilight gently faded and then we all went home, tired and weary, but very happy.

On the 19th, I rounded up three friends with motors who took us to Bird's Hill, north of the city. From here we had a splendid view of the city with all its trees and bushes glowing with autumnal colors. During tea, gathering clouds warned us home. After collecting our utensils and extinguishing the fire, we packed our twenty-five selves into the three cars and drove home amid a heavy rain storm, but joyous with the beauties of field and wood and sky that we had seen during the day.

Yours truly,

CECIL ROY.

All Souls' Church School, Washington, D. C., opened this year with an unusual number of new registrations and with much enthusiasm on the part of teachers and pupils. On the second Sunday of the school year a motion-picture lesson was given on "The Background of the Bible," the first of a series of such lessons which is planned. Another special feature of each session is the playing by the church organist, on the Tulloch Organ and Robertson Chimes, of musical selections which every child should know.

From All Souls' Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., comes the encouraging word that the church school is growing, the enrollment now being 165 members. On Sunday, October 11, there were three "honor classes," that is, three classes with every member present.

The Twins Write About Christmas Presents

Dear Cousins Charles and Marjorie:

It's raining today, as it did all day yesterday and part of the day before. It's so cold that Paul and I have been thinking and hoping it would snow so that we could get our sleds and go coasting on the big hill with all the bumps, that is not very far from our house. Instead of doing this we have been in the playroom in the attic and have been looking at some of the presents we got last Christmas. Isn't it funny how nice the presents look when you open them on Christmas and how terrible most of them look before the next Christmas?

Mother just told us that it was twenty-six days to Christmas—and that's almost a month. About the only things that I got last year that still look nice are some books daddy bought for me. Would you like to hear about them? Well, first of all, was the "House on the Edge of Things," which Dad really bought for Junior—and he's seven and is just beginning to read pretty well, but Paul, we're nine now, read it three times, and I read it twice—Paul and I are twins—just like you are. It was the loveliest story, about woods and fairies and princesses and had lovely pictures, too. I don't know whether I liked this book better than the "Story of Rico," which was all about a little Italian orphan who could play the violin oh, so wonderfully, almost without any lessons at all, or whether I liked "Erick and Sally"—Paul said he liked "Erick and Sally" best of all because it's a story about a little boy who is left all alone, when his mother dies, and a big boy keeps trying to hurt him, but Erick finally comes out on top. Paul says there is a boy in his class in school that is just like this bully. If you haven't read these books you ought to, you'll like them! The same people who send us *The Beacon* also made these books. Ask your Dad to write and ask about them.



THE BOOKSHELF

The Boy Scouts Year Book

Scouts and other boys who like adventure, outdoor life, sports and handcrafts will be interested in the new "Boy Scouts Year Book." It's full of the stories and pictures of the sort that boys like best. Among others, there's a story by *Albert Payson Terhune* about a boy, a collie, and a fox—their friendship and adventures; a romantic tale by *Rafael Sabatini* about a villain and how his villainy proved a boomerang; the adventures of a day in a young aviator's life—by *Mather Brooks*; and a thrilling account of the rescue of a pirate by a Carolina boy of the eighteenth century in *BLACK JACK, THE BUCCANEER*, by *J. Allan Dunn*. And there are others—about scout troops, four-footed outlaws, about sports—written by authors most popular with boys.

The second part is given over to the things about which all boys want to know: *THE FINE ART OF PITCHING*, by *Wilbert Robinson*; *FLY-FISHING FOR GRIZZLY BEARS*, by *Dan Beard*; *SWIMMING AND DIVING*, by *James J. O'Rourke*; *THROWING THE LARIAT*, by *Van Allen Lyman*; "PUTTING ON" A MINSTREL SHOW, by *H. H. Smaw*; *PIGEON RACING*, by *Lee S. Crandall*; *BALDY, THE DOG HERO OF ALASKA*, by *Frances A. Blanchard*; *HOMES OF THE HUNTED*, by *Archibald Rutledge*; *THE MOUNTAIN GOAT AT HOME*, by *C. L. (Grizzly) Smith*; *FIGHTING THE ARCTIC*, by *Anthony Fiala*; *THE ONLY MEDICINE I EVER TAKE*, by *Douglas Fairbanks*; *HIKING RATIONS—WHAT TO TAKE*, by *Horace Kephart*, and *POSSIBILITIES OF A CAREER IN FORESTRY*, by *William R. James*.

D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. Price \$2.50.

Do you remember that you asked me what the name of the book was that my mother reads out of every morning just before we start breakfast? Well, it's "The Little Child at the Breakfast Table" and when she was sick last winter and couldn't read from it, because she was in bed, we missed it awfully because she always has read from it and it helps us to start the day in the right way. Are you going to buy a present for your Junior? He's six now, isn't he? Why don't you buy him "The Little Red Wonder Book"—it's only fifty-five cents and has a lot of questions to answer and pictures to color. I still have mine, and I was looking at it today. Oh, the sun is coming out, and mother says we can go out and play for a little while, so good-bye. Write soon.

Your loving cousins,

PAUL AND HARRIET.

The Tin Trunk in the Wall

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you. So now that I've found this picture I'm going to have an artist make a fine copy to hang in the gallery. Besides," she held up something else that had been in the packet, "here is a precious heirloom my mother left me. Lately I've wanted very much to recover this for a particular reason."

The heirloom was an old letter sewed up carefully in oiled silk. "It was written by an ancestor of mine from Valley Forge where he was with Washington's army. He wrote it to his young wife, the Colonial girl for whom I was named. A copy of the letter is wanted to go into a book that the State Historical Society is about to publish. If it appears there, the world will know that the towheaded Mary Brown—meaning me—was never really a beggar maid because a great inheritance was hers. There, do you wonder I was excited over the finding of my tin trunk?"

They made a visit to the little brick schoolhouse after that, and the millionaire lady told them merry tales of herself and her mates in the old days there. Then they all trooped in upon Aunt Sophie who was in a flutter of distress because Mr. Alden Thayer had telephoned that he would be there in fifteen minutes to make her an offer for the house. Poor Aunt Sophie was crying over the thought that she must sell the homestead. But that trouble vanished in air when Mrs. Wilmerdene offered to buy the half acre of land in the orchard, and the little hidden house under the vines. The price she offered was so liberal that Aunt Sophie would be able to live comfortably in her own old home.

"I shall cut away those vines," Mrs. Wilmerdene said, "and let the light and air into that little, smothered house. Then when I have made it as sweet as a rose inside and out, you will have me for your neighbor whenever I want a week in the country. Oh, what fun we shall have redecorating the wee house and planting a garden! You must help me choose the chintzes for the hangings, and the flowered wall papers. We must have braided rugs, of course, and many candlesticks. Then when it's all cosy we shall have a housewarming by candlelight."

Norris and June looked at each other with glad eyes. The treasure-box in the wall had brought forth a great deal of happiness, even though it had not contained diamonds.



SONG

By Frances Higgins

The new moon is a gondola
On azure sea afloat.
Ah, lightly rides the gondolier
In his frail silver boat,
In his frail silver boat.

And faintly, sweetly does he strum
His miniature guitar
To serenade his lady love—
The first bright star,
The first bright star.

A Few Chuckles from Ireland

MANY good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. O. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

"There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

Honey

(Continued from page 50)

Given a boost from Ann, the active girl was quickly among the branches. Letting herself carefully out on the limb she tapped it softly to see how far the hollow extended. The disturbed bees buzzed out in a cloud.

"Patsy, be careful!" called Ann.

"I'm all right. . . ah!"

A lightning pain had thrust into her cheek; something hot and burning had struck her eye. Her head seemed suddenly surrounded by a noisy cloud out of which came fiery pains piercing her in dozens of places.

Crying with pain, regardless of danger of broken bones, she dropped to the ground. Calling for help, beating at her head and face with hat and arms, she crashed blindly into the bushes, running anywhere to get away from the maddening insects.

Ann followed her cousin's headlong flight and came

quickly to where she had been thrown by impact with a tree. Only a few of the bees were still buzzing about her. These Ann drove off and turned the girl's face from the leaves and earth where it was buried.

She was a sorry looking Patsy. Her face was swollen, red, tear-stained and dirty. One eye was rapidly closing; one lip grew larger even as Ann watched. She extended her hands to be helped from the ground. "Take me home, please," she begged humbly.

Just as the sun, red and glorious with the promise of a good morrow, was sinking behind the woods, the girls reached the settlement. Mrs. McCormack took one look at her daughter's face and quickly undressed her and laid her between cool sheets. She brought certain remedies which Ann begged to administer.

Patsy had one eye which permitted vision. By the light of the lamp she watched her cousin wring the cooling compress from the basin of soda-water. She was very quiet as the comforting wetness was laid on her face.

"Ann, how can you be good to a smarty?" she asked suddenly.

"Patsy, dear—"

"Well, it's true. I've been boastful and horrid. But if you'll excuse me I think I've learned a lesson. And I'll be good to you after this." Then the old whimsical Patsy arose above the pain and discomfort. "As sweet as honey!" she added.



Dear Letter Writers:—We are so glad to know that you liked "The Sun Cure" and "The Giant's Castle." What do you think of the stories in this number?

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

HINGHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor:—I should like to belong to The Beacon Club very much. I go to the Unitarian Sunday School and am eight years old and in the fifth grade. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. So far, I like "The Sun Cure" and "The Giant's Castle" best.

ANN MITCHELL.

20 FLETCHER ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Reynolds:—I am nine years old. I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I go to the Unitarian Church. There is only one boy in my class that has a pin. I hear lots of news from The Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,

SARGENT HILL.

815 9TH ST.,
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Dear Editor:—I read *The Beacon* and wish to belong to The Beacon Club. I am a member of the First Unitarian Church of Sioux City. My minister is the Rev. C. Snyder. I am seven years old and am in the second grade at grade school. My Sunday School teacher is Mrs. Dickson. I shall watch the mail for my button.

Yours sincerely,

ANNA LOU REEVES.

ANSONVILLE, N. C.,
Box 4.

Dear Editor:—I am a reader of *The Beacon* and have been a member of The Beacon Club for over a year. I was fourteen on October twenty-first. I enjoyed all *The Beacon* paper's good cheer letters.

I have a mother and four brothers. This is my first letter to *The Beacon*. I hope it will be received and that I will see my letter in print.

I will close with best wishes and lots of love from a little friend,

BESSIE A. TYSON.

Dear Cubs:—Isn't it getting wintry? We do hope that you won't all be crawling into caves to sleep until spring just because you are cubs. The poets among you are much too wide awake for that—but what of the prose writers? Have you been drowsing like lazy bears?

THE BEACON CLUB EDITOR.

LULLABY

BY ANNA ROTHSTEIN (AGE 10)

Sleep, baby sleep,

Mother will rock and comfort you,
Till you close your eyes of blue.

Sleep, little one, sleep.

Sleep, my baby darling, sleep.

God will watch till day first peeps,
Birds will come and sing to you,

Flowers will be full of dew,
God will watch you all night through,
So close your little eyes of blue.

74 COLGATE ST.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Editor:—I have read *The Beacon* every Sunday that I can remember and have enjoyed it a great deal. I don't know what to do to get a button, but would like to have one very much. I go to the All Souls' Unitarian Church.

Yours sincerely,

MARY ROSE REICHARD.

96 SO. PLEASANT ST.,
SHARON, MASS.

Dear Editor:—I used to go to the Unitarian Church and I still read *The Beacon* every time I can when I am not helping Mother. I should like to wear the Beacon pin.

Yours truly,

ERNESTINE PERKINS.

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Letter Jingle

Wherever there's fun, this letter you'll see,—

The jolliest letter of all to me.

Some letters like comfort; they're likely to shirk,

While here are some others forever at work.

The —'s are the brightest, and right on the dot;

The —'s are the cleverest ones of the lot.

The —'s like to measure the whole alphabet;

The —'s are the poorest — they're always in debt.

The —'s are so noisy, you won't want them round;

The —'s are the widest and wettest, we've found.

The —'s are a nuisance and never a blessing.

Now mind all your P's and your Q's—and start guessing!

Add-a-Letter-Puzzle

A little preposition and one letter gives a pet;

A vehicle we get with just one more;
Another makes—a mark that shows that something's been left out;

While one more gives—an object on the floor.
—*The Target.*

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Repaired Autos

1. Cadillac
2. Hudson
3. Buick
4. Ford
5. Stutz
6. Essex
7. Chandler
8. Chevrolet

Acrostic

1. I L L
2. P I E
3. A N Y
4. A C T
5. F O R
6. P L Y
7. A N D

LINCOLN

Conundrum

A sponge.